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Flood Tide

Carolyn Elizabeth Haynes



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FLOOD TIDE

and Other Poems

CAROLYN ELIZABETH HAYNES



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FLOOD TIDE

FLOOD TIDE

Yea, happy the shore that awaits the flow of the
full, flood tide.

Sun-warmed, air-bathed, the stern coast watches
for her, his bride.

And the gulls with a querulous cry
Float and hover 'twixt earth and sky.

Never yet was a bridal chamber so nobly, so
richly dight,

Dark pines and balsams arise for walls to a stately
height.

While a crescent moon and the splendid stars
shed a softened glow:

And the wood-bird's call from the murmuring
leaves floats down below.

And the gulls with a wise accord
Are seeking their meat from God.

On comes the wave; ever nearer and nearer her
coursers ride.

Wide float her soft robes of filmy white as becomes
a bride.

And the gulls are weary with flight,
And the long day is fading to night.

Ah! how fair she is; how clinging-cool will her
kisses be

This bride of the rock, this pride of the skies and
the mounting sea.

And the gulls are flying afar
To the cliff where their nestlings are.

With a happy murmur she greets the strand, oh!
very sweet,
And the rugged shore and the foaming flood in
glad nuptials meet.
And the gulls with their young ones sleep
And the brooding heavens watchfires keep.

A MAY MORN

The sky had never such fleecy clouds,
Was never so wondrous blue,
Such a palette the sea had never yet spread,
Such pigments I never knew.

It never had worn such a glitter of gems,
Its ripples were never so gay,
Nor the fringe of its shore so pure, so white,
As it was on that morn of May.

There never was wind so caressing,
And there never will be more;
Nor such white sails afloat from the land of dreams
As those we espied from the shore.

Oh! what shall I do in the gray days,
In the nights that follow the day,
When I think of the sea, and the skies, and the
kiss
Of the breeze on that morn in May?

CALLS

Call of the South, under tropical skies
With its *dolce far niente*,
Blood-red roses and purpling vines
Poured from Nature's horn of plenty.

Call of the North with its frozen seas,
Its blighting, wind-driven spaces;
Men done to death in the trackless snows,
With pitiful, upturned faces.

Call of the road, and the Gypsy band,
A careless, unfettered living;
Moss for a bed and the stars o'erhead,
Restful sleep through the long nights giving.

Call of the blood, with the woe to come;
A short and forbidden pleasure.
Long are the days of the after years,
With time to repent at leisure.

Calls that are noble; calls that are base;
Wide apart range the pathways we follow:
In the jungle the track of the lioness,
Over bracken the flight of a swallow.

But the wraith that is leading my footsteps on,
Starry-featured, beckoning, fond,
Till I know I must always be following,
Is the lure of the Just Beyond.

GOING DOWN TO CAROLINA

Oh, the birds are singing blithely in the woods of
Carolina;

And they summon me to come and hear them
sing.

From the blasting and the blighting of the cruel
northern winter,

They are calling me to come and taste the
spring.

And my weary soul and spirit, and my brain
grown cold and lifeless,

Laugh again and leap in answer to their call;
Call of bird-note, call of streamlet, call of tree and
grass and flower,

And the blue, untarnished heavens over all.

And I answer to the summons, to the calling of
the springtime:

I am coming, Oh! ye Southland, coming down
to taste the spring;

Coming down to steep my spirit in your source of
inspiration;

Coming down to feel the south-wind and to
hear your songsters sing.

Coming down to learn obedience to a Law as old
as Moses;

Coming to gain strength and courage for the
needs of every day;

Coming to get rid of meanness, pettiness and all
uncleanness,

And to learn by force of Nature, to make gold
of common clay.

WHY?

White schooners are faring to windward;
Yachts and freighters go by by the score;
Health and joy fill the huge ocean liners
On their voyage to a far-away shore.

Small tug-boats, forever in motion;
Great war-ships with flags flying free.
My craft lies a-wreck on the sand-bar:
No ships ever signal to me.

Time was when my boat sailed the ocean,
Pleasure laden, hope's flag at the mast,
But the storm and stress of the journeys
Find my ship out of service at last.

Why I failed in my voyage, who can answer?
Why I failed to reach port, who can say?
But here I lie helpless and stranded,
Racked by storms, rent by tides, night and day.

'Tis hard fate to wait in the shallows,
Strength and wealth, pride and love, sailing by;
To lie worthless, undone on the roadstead:
I wonder if there is a why!

PRISONERS

And we build us massive prisons
To guard the world from crime;
And give their warders mighty keys
And bid them watch the time,

When some tortured soul a-tremble
Shalt force the locks and bars,
For a glimpse of healing sunlight,
And the freedom of the stars.

But not thinking; oh! not thinking
That our souls in prison lie,
That the world has turned our jailer
And will not let us by.

That our thoughts, our aspirations,
And the deeds that we would do,
Lie behind strong, iron gratings
That will not let them through.

Oh! the years are quick for passing;
Oh! the sands of life run fast;
And our cruel bonds press deeply
While God's joyous life moves past.

Oh! convention: 'tis a mockery
To hearts a-wing for flight:
And with life half lived we falter;
And after comes the night.

ULLABY

Sleep, darling, sleep.

Calm night is brooding still
O'er river, lake and hill.
The stars are in repose;
The dews still kiss the rose.
God's angel now doth keep
His watch-care, calm and deep,
And the great God above
Enfolds thee with his love.

Sleep, darling, sleep.

Thy sleep so sweet and fair
Fit emblem seems of care
Quieted and made calm
By Heaven's all-healing balm.
When earth's brief sleep is done
And Heaven's portal won,
Then praise Oh! God to Thee,
For Immortality.

MORNING AND EVENING

Did you ever see the day come; stealthily, silently,
come?

See the shadows shift, fade, melt away

In the mellow light of the opening day?

See the dew-laden blossoms lift their heads?

The vapors rise from the river beds?

Feel the first breath of morning caress your face?

Hear the flutter of birds in their nesting place?

Did you ever see the day come,

Hushed as the snow-flakes come?

Did you ever see the day fade, splendidly, gloriously fade?

See a sea of glass and a sky of fire,

Flashing crimsons and reds to the heart's desire?

Feel the awful peace of limitless space?

See white wings float o'er a red sun's face?

See the splendor fade and a pale moon throw

Her silver light on the afterglow?

Did you ever see the day fade,

Fade as the lilies fade?

MORNING

Just four walls and a bit of window,
 Giving onto a misty lawn:
Elm boughs heavy with drooping verdure,
 Dripping of dew-drops down through the morn.

Quite too early for man's intervention
 Quite too soon for his querulous feet,
Early enough for the bluebird and swallow,
 Floating, soaring, and uttering sweet

Accompaniment of fine iteration,
 At one with the thin and nebulous veil,
Now shyly revealing and now concealing
 Charms, sweet as a bride's at the altar rail.

Heart, standing close to the open casement,
 Hopeful and strong in the morning gray,
Can you keep the calm of the peaceful dawning
 In the toilsome tread of the fretful day?

THE QUESTIONER

Are you strong to endure the world's judgment,
Soul with the thoughts of flame;
Soul with the thirst for fame;
Playing ever a losing game?

Have you courage to pause in the climbing,
Feet, turned to the upward track;
Feet, pledged to no turning back;
Bearing meekly the pain and the rack?

Can you hear with calm patience laudation,
Ears, strained, and reserve all blame;
Ears tense for the loud acclaim;
When it heralds another's name?

Can you see to read on the written scroll,
Eyes, unblinded by tears;
Eyes, watching the passing years;
The ultimate verdict that sears?

There are conquests of cities and nations;
Your conquest is loftier still;
No bravos your brain may thrill,
But you're conqueror of your will!

MY TWO FRIENDS

Two friends have traveled with me all my days.
Full oft I of their friendship would be freed,
Yet both have stood beside me in my need
When time was for the parting of the ways.
The one is fair of face, in gay robes clad:
The one has hair of midnight, and his mien
Is ever sombre. All his words hold calm,
High import, yet we two are never sad.
The one so joyous-free, the one so grave,
Their varied guidance ofttimes blinds my sight;
Yet well I know which ray sheds clearest light.
I ne'er could make a choice, dear Life, dear Death,
Betwixt your loves. I leave it to the breath
Of the Creator, who my two friends gave.

HE KNOWETH BEST

A fair young wife broods musingly
On the little life to be.
Sweet, greening ways, through flowery meads,
Are all her eyes may see.
And the Angel of Life waits with spreading wings,
As he waits by the Crystal Sea.

The fair young wife treads very close
To the misty border-land:
And the torch she sees through the deepening
gloom
Is held by a piercèd hand.
And the Angel of Life stands with folded wings,
As the patient angels stand.

The fair young wife lies still and cold.
After life's battle, rest.
While the babe she has given her life to win,
Sleeps well on his mother's breast.
And the Angel of Death bends with fluttering
wings,
Breathing low; "He knoweth best."

LEISURE

While you poets are chanting the praise of work,
(Rough or smooth be the measure),
I, who know something of toilsome days,
Will sing to the praise of leisure.

Leisure to lend the enraptured ear
To sounds that herald the dawn,
Stir in the fern of the rabbit's tread,
Whirring of quail from the corn.

Mother-bird twittering low to her young,
Homed in green, pendulous vines;
Whinney of horses and moo of the cows,
Soughing of winds through the pines.

Time to stretch at full length on a grassy knoll,
Gazing into the sky,
Not thinking a thought, nor dreaming a dream,
Just watching the crows trail by.

Time to commune for an hour with self,
To ask the whence and the where;
To stake out a little the upward road
And see if we're tending there.

Time to forget earth's primal law
That bids men toil for treasure,
"God give us our measure of work," say you:
I, "God grant us a little leisure."

WHAT THE ROSE DID

A rose came into my chamber
When the pain was hard to bear,
And we talked together of meadow brooks
And of swallows debonair.

And it led me afar to a garden,
A garden I used to know,
Where oranges ripen on sunny walls,
And a thousand roses blow.

In marble basins the waters splash,
Doves hover and pause and sip:
And the scents and the sounds and the joyful sun
Hold my heart in their friendly grip.

I sit by the satyr where we used to sit
Watching the ships at sea,
When nothing mattered in all the world,
Save the garden and you and me.

* * * * *

Then I opened my eyes in my cool, white room,
And my flower, it was standing there too.
Now wasn't that an endearing thing
For my Jacqueminot to do?

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

Consummate artist and God-fearing man.
Undaunted by unfriendly slights and sneers;
Standing erect, a man among his peers,
He found his work and questioned not God's plan.
Sprung from the soil, each peasant was his friend;
He knew his toil, his penury, his worth,
He loved him, and the spot that gave him birth,
And cities' charms could no allurements lend.
Hard work and scanty meed he well could see,
But wedded to this vision was the hope
That somehow out of life's deep mystery
Would open out for man a wider scope.
The long, drear day his peasants turn the sod;
But when the toilsome hours have run their span,
The Angelus uplifts their thoughts to God.
He saw divinity; we see but man.

APOSTROPHE TO A COMET

Tell me, thou heavenly visitant,
Thou who comest with thy skirts a-dust with
 star-waste,
Thou who bearest greetings from systems yet
 unborn,
Thou whose brow the fervid suns have kissed;
Thou who hast glimpsed the awful, starless spaces
 where nothing is;
Oh! thou wan traveler from out the great un-
 known,
Tell me, hast thou seen God's face?

TRANSITORINESS

Oh! lonely, mysterious, solemn sea,
 You challenge my fears to-night
Out there in the blackness, with sobbing waves
 Waiting sullen the morn and the light.

Creeping in through the dusky silence,
 Stealing in from the great unrest,
The low rolling line of your billows
 Breaks white as a mother's breast.

Oh! the power in you, and the frailty in me;
 You brother to planet and sun,
I, a spark of white life-heat struck out from the
 void,
 Fading, darkling, with life just begun.

But I hear in the still of a cloudless night,
 When each wave glows a faceted gem,
The crash of your waves on the lonely sands:
 'Tis the chant of your requiem.

Oh! deep: when the heavens are rolled back like a
 scroll,
 When there shall be no more sea,
The cosmic waves will still surge and break
 On the shores of Eternity.

TIME FLIES

The time's so short to run our race,
It is a kind of madness
To harbor "vapors" for a day,—
Or anything but gladness.

IN AN IDLE HOUR

I wish I were a yellow butterfly
To poise and sway on sun-kissed marguerite:
In one glad day to run the gamut sweet
Of life, then on a bed of roses lie.
I wish I were a splendid eagle, born
To fan with mighty wings the dizzy height;
To face the flaming sun with undimmed sight;
To watch the race of men move on and on
To its last sleep, nor dream I e'er could die.
I wish I were a harebell, nodding slow
Kissed by such breezes as a-wandering go.
Nay, nay. I would be none of these; the thought
Was by soft winds and wanton fancy wrought;
My glory is to know that I am I.

THE WAVE

With a landward swell, and a foaming swell,
The tide pushes in from the sea;
To break with a splinter of bubbling spray,
Rolling riches of silver to me.

And my heart, it snaps, with a rush of joy,
The bonds of its sorrow and pain;
As a long-fettered bird, when its wings are freed,
Joys to come to its own again.

With a seaward swell, and a downward swell,
The tide pushes out from the land;
All shorn of its beauty, all cold and gray;
Strewing weeds on the desolate sand.

And the heart of me settles to wearisome pain,
And takes up its burden once more,
To wait the return of the gladsome wave,—
Like the kelp and the drift on the shore.

THUS FAR

“Thus far,” and the froth-laden billow
Falls back from the beckoning sands.
“Thus far,” and the furious tempest
Is still as a dead man’s hands.

“Thus far,” and the mountainous foam-crests
Lie low as when He walked the wave.
“Thus far,” and the doughtiest war ships
Plunge down where there’s none to save.

And man in his pride and his prowess
Calls “Thus far” a law of the sea;
And vaunts himself of his own free will
As lord of his own decree.

But look you, on life’s restless ocean,
How the sands for the sea wait in vain.
Does every ship that we launch in pride
Come safe into port again?

Are we so sure of our moorings
That we dare disregard the “Thus far?”
For the too-adventurous seaman
There are waiting the shoals off the bar.

Lo! the wrecks lashed and torn by life’s breakers,
The derelicts roaming its sea,
Proclaim the “Thus far,” of the ocean,
A “Thus far” for you and for me.

JOHN FISKE

(Died 1901)

The casket of the noble, Godlike mind is cold and still:

Yet in its tomb it lieth not alone: about it stand
Four angels to ensure its dust from dark oblivion.
On its right side waits Learning with averted face,
Clad in the weeds of woe.

Grave, stern-faced History guards on the left;
While at the feet, with patient, watchful gaze,
Cold Science stands, with wide, grief-stricken eyes.
Majestic, pale and beautiful.

At the bier's head Religion stands.

The dawn is on his garments, and upon
His forehead glow the words, "Eternal Life."

ARCADIA

I never have lived in Arcady,
But I know of people who do.
They need not tell of their groves and flowers,
Their singing brooks and fruit-laden bowers;
You have only to look in their eyes, and you
Will know that they live in Arcadia.

I never have lived in Arcady,
But I've met full many who do.
You can tell by their freedom from worldliness;
By their bearing, their words and their quiet
dress,
And a man is a man, not Gentile nor Jew,
With those who live in Arcadia.

I never have lived in Arcady;
But I love the people who do.
The hand is ever a helping hand,
The heart has ever some good work planned,
And they work with a joy in the doing, too,
The people who live in Arcadia.

I never have lived in Arcady;
But I've watched those in sickness who do.
They move toward the shadows hand in hand,
With a faith only brave men can understand:
They pass with a smile death's cold waters
through,
Those strong souls who live in Arcadia.

COMPENSATION

No castles are mine with broad acres;
No ships of mine furrow the main,
No passion enkindles my spirit;
There are heights that I never may gain.

But I walk by the sea at sunrising,
In my hair the cool breezes play,
And the earth, and the sky where the white gulls
sail
Are mine,—till the close of day.

THE FIELDS OF FRANCE

Red of the sun-set, flame of the firelight,
Blue of the dome of the arching sky,
Billowy grain of the evening's amber
Startle the soul, and enthrall the eye.

Cattle and sheep and the ouzel flitting,
Lazy windmills and poplars bold,
Man and his mate in the black earth toiling
For carpetings richer than cloth of gold.

A PICTURE

If I had the brush of a painter, do you know what
I would do?

I would paint on a sun-steeped canvas, a wonder-
ful picture for you.

I would paint a great Southern headland, rising
sheer from the trough of the sea,
With silver-green, sparkling water, as far as the
eye can see.

I would paint splendid blotches of color on the
face of that beetling wall:

Red lichens, emerald verdure, gay flowers, and
crowning all,

Scores on scores of circling sea-birds, great white
gulls on tireless wing;

Tiny black specks of feathers in motion that to
sailors disaster bring.

Then the sky! Great fleecy masses, just to tem-
per the blinding light,

And air of such crystal clearness the eye seems
endowed with new sight.

If I were a poet I'd sing you sounds fitting this
picture of mine.

The seep, seep of the gulls, the wind's sighing, the
swash of the restless brine:

The slap of the sail and the cordage of the big ship
moving by;

Your indrawn breathing of wonder, at the glad-
ness of earth and sky.

Ah! you say that the touch of the human mars the
glory of crag and of sea:
Ten times no; for therein lies their beauty; their
magic and worth to me.

TO AN ORIOLE

What are you singing, oriole,
On the elm bough, swaying low,
Something you're surely saying,
Something I ought to know,

Else why should you be so persistent,
Singing once, and singing again,
(Though indeed you are ravishing wholly)
The notes of the same refrain?

'Tis not "Skies are blue," for I see them;
'Tis not "Winds are soft," for I feel;
'Tis not that "The flowers have a thousand eyes,"
For I see their sweet faces, and kneel

Down close where they peer through the grasses,
Bathing forehead and cheek in the dew
That lovingly clings to their petals,
And drink deep of their fragrance, while you

Keep flooding the morn with your rapture.
Oh, oriole, tell me, I pray,
Is it love that's the law of the springtime,
Of March, and of April and May?

And is spring but an earnest of summer?
Is man's sorrow but transient and vain?
If love's wings are hovering over
I can laugh and be happy again.

But if there's no telling—Oh, oriole,
I believe you are saying to me,
“The best thing in the world's to keep singing,
And trust for the things to be.”

SHIPS

When I was a youngster scarcely four,
I romped and I raced o'er a sandy shore
With a little boat, a tiny thing,
That I dragged about by a fragile string.
Then I launched my craft with noisy glee;
But she sailed on the tide,—away from me.

When manhood had numbered its six times four
I climbed o'er a rock-ribbed, pine-clad shore,
I joyed in the sea and the sky above,
And I freighted my ship with a strong man's love.
But she stove and sank in an angry blast,
And her cargo to all the four winds was cast.

Now I've traveled far, and I stand alone
On a vaster shore, with strange wreckage strewn:
Yet in spite of fears and an unknown main,
I am trusting my ship to the waves again.
She is laden with hope. Through the rush and
the roar
I pray God she reach port on the farther shore.

WITH BENDED HEAD

I saw a funeral cortège pass through a city street.
The motor cars shrieked their warning cry;
The heavy trucks creaked as they passed by;
And the hurrying crowd with their noisy tread
Gave never a thought to the quiet dead.
They had no will that summer day
To pause and remember they too were clay.

I saw a second cortège pass through a city street.
Mute was the call that the huxter heaves;
You could hear the rustling of the leaves;
On the curbstone the crowd stood with bended
head,
As the mourners passed with their dearest dead.
They saw the dark angel with folded wings,
And they bowed down their souls to the ruler of
kings.

Alas! are we then so busy that we have no place
for death?
We watch by the thousand the aeroplane;
And the sparks let loose by Marconi's brain;
We rush and drive after this and that;
We kneel to Wall Street and the ball and bat;
But we haven't the time to bow the head,
When the car goes by with its silent dead.

PINES

The wind-riven pines of the North Land are
singing,
Whipped to a tune,
A weird mystic rune
There under the moon.

Lone pines on a bleak shore are solemnly singing
A song of the sea,
Of its mystery
And sublimity.

The pines on the bluffs of Sorrento are singing
Of fruit-scented air,
Of surcease from care,
And—I wish I were there.

THE PARIAH

I'm standing outside Society's fence;
I am looking over the bars;
I hear the clink of its glasses and pence
And the chug of its motor cars.

There are functions, till all the tired stars blink:
("There's a pariah, beware!")
And I couldn't make one in a thousand think
That I'd rather be here than there.

THE SEA

Oh! the raging, howling, ramping sea;
Oh! the sea in a fierce, wild gale;
Oh! the splintered rudder and broken mast
And the snap of the shredded sail.

Oh! the hungry, foaming, fateful sea;
Oh! the sea of the mountainous crest;
Oh! the rocks and the shoals and the cry of souls
As they sink in the sea's unrest.

Oh! the crushing, maddened, cruel sea;
Oh! the crash of the wave on the crag;
Oh! the sailor's wife and the sailor's child
And the schooners whose anchors drag.

Oh! the sunlit, dancing, summer sea;
Oh! the wide sea, shimmering blue;
Oh! the white-winged vessels and ships of might
That it carries so safe and true.

Oh! the treacherous sea. Oh! the faithful sea,
The sea that I fear, yet trust.
Though it play me false, though it play me fair,
I love it and always must.

AFTER

Since all the songs at eventide,
Sweet love-songs, lullabies,
Were sung from my heart to your heart
In the light of your dear eyes;
How can I sing without you?

Since every task I had to do
Your thought made pleasure;
Since hardest work of brain and hand
Seemed dearest leisure;
How can I toil without you?

Since all the joy of all the world
Was in your laughter,
In the happy days before you went,
And this is after;
How can I joy without you?

Since all the days of all the years
Sang your name only,
And now they stretch out long and drear,
And very lonely;
How can I live without you?

VIOLETS

Violets, violets, sweet violets!

Bought by a son for the Mother who bore him,
Lying patiently there, in a poor sunless room;
Crushing her wan face in cool, purple freshness,
Thanking her God for the rich perfume.

Violets, violets, sweet violets!

Bought by a lover to give to his mistress;
Carelessly fastened by silken thong.
Dropped unregarded 'mid whirl of the measure,
Crushed, trodden to death by the swaying
throng.

Violets, violets, sweet violets!

Bought by a maiden fair, lover of gamins;
Ten, twenty, upspringing from no-man's-land.
Twos, threes and fives, 'til the bunch is dis-
membered;
A gift for a king in each small, grimy hand.

Violets, violets, sweet violets!

Bought by a father to strew on his darling,
Lying so softly, with folded eyes,
Nestling close 'neath the cold, baby fingers;
She will kiss them good-morrow in Paradise.

UNREST

Restless am I for the dreamy-eyed ocean;
Wide, billowy spaces, greening to gray,
Weary am I for the call of the breakers,
For sunny, warm sands, where cool cloud-
shadows play.

Wan are my eyes for the white ships a-sailing
Into the blaze of a westering sun,
For the mists of the twilight and murmurous
silence
Of languorous waves when the long day is done.

Fain would I lie by the broad, open casement,
On pillows afresh with the winds from the sea;
Chant of a choral, reverberate, holy,
Bringing peace after pain, and a message for me.

Then at night when the moon rides alone in the
azure,
When on eyelids and brow her cool kisses I feel,
May I loosen my boat, slow a-rock at her moor-
ings,
And float noiselessly out to the “Land o’ the
Leal.”

MY CRY

There is in me a cry far mightier than the cry to live.
Weak insects strive to lengthen out their little day;
The lamb's heart quicklier beats in hurrying to the shambles;
But I, I do not ask "to live," but "not to die."
I am not like the dumb things that know not life nor death.
My feet have trod God's footsteps.
My hands have touched His robe—
My soul has sounded Hell and piercèd Heaven.
If I, a spark from God Himself, should be extinguished,
Then God would be less God by my one spark:
If I, a part of His great universe, should cease to be,
Then would His universe be less by my one place.
Oh! no: it is unthinkable; I could not die.

OCTOBER DEAD

Brown, red-lipped October lay cold and dead:
With a fillet of grasses they bound her head.

Trees, bushes and shrubs wept with sorrow meet,
And strewed their sere leaves for a winding sheet.

Stark, shivering winds hugged their garments' hem
And wailed through wet branches a requiem.

Cool, bubbling streamlets, lush meadows know,
Masked their tremulous faces to hide their woe.

Man never could dream that she once was fair,
Lying wrinkled and withered and lifeless there.

No heart beat was heard by the listening ear:
Most mournfully cold stood the funeral bier.

They laid her to rest one lowering day
In wind-riven cerements of sombre gray.

Lo! a miracle wrought while the weary slept,
And the old world from darkness to daylight crept.

Gone was the pall of the baleful night
In its place glowed new raiment of pure samite.

Where were world-weary features, grown old,
undone,
Dancing eyes laughed a welcome to greet the sun.

Twigs, rushes and grasses, in robes of white,
Flaunted ribbons and streamers of dazzling light.

Kind Nature had hidden her dead away,
Saying: "Yesterday's griefs are for yesterday."

AUTUMN

Few stop to praise the lingering Autumn;
But she is fair to those who love her;
Love her as standing in the breach 'twixt life and
death,
Love her as strong men love their wedded mates
When after full fruition comes decay.
Mark a bright hillside all awhirr with wren and
lingering chickadee
While high in air the ebon crows are calling.
Wide-reaching arms of dusty spruce,
Hang heavy with ripe cone,
Bird-haunted for a daily sustenance.
Witch-hazel and straight, rough-boled pine,
Add majesty and color to the day.
In leaf-swept valleys farm-boys scatter the winter
wheat;
While by stream and lake the cattle graze and gaze.
When comes the time for me to leave this world I
love,
I would not close my eyes in eager, restless spring-
time,
Nor yet when summer fills her wains with odorous
grasses,
But when late autumn says good-night to all her
sleepy children,
When nature stands a-hush and unresisting,
Then would I fold my hands in quietness
And lay me down to sleep.

ACADEME

Oh, fair, sweet garden, on the sunny hill;
Round circled with high hedge of thorn and rose.
Straight rise thy lofty shafts, Oh! gateway stern,
Whereon are graved the names of bards and seers
of hoary eld.

Rich, massive bronze thy swinging gates,
With curious signs and symbols manifold,
Wrought by the hands of skilled and virtuous
artisans.

Thy greening trees give cooling shade, Oh, garden
beautiful,

Whereof are ilex, willow, the spreading chestnut
and the feathery pine.

There too the purple Judas tree sheds showers of
blossoms on green, mossy sward,

Whereon bloom flowers of many a hue and frag-
rance.

Daisies are there and buttercups, gentians, iris,
violets,

And the sweet, white clover, swarms of bees at-
tending.

Here Nature knows no seasons; autumnal harvests
and dear springtime treasures

Grow side by side in rich abundance.

Rare fruits hang lush from heavy-laden vine and
tree,

While sweetest bird notes soothe the ambient air.

Through leafy walks, on sunny knolls, o'er softest
meadows straying,

Roam beings in sweet converse, or slow pace apart
in quiet meditation.

Clear are the eyes and deep the thoughts of those
who wander there.

I, too, therein would entering be: I, too, would
hold high converse,
And along the purling streams, beside the quiet
pools, take calm delight.
The gateway opens; one is entering in.
And I, I too, press on, my entrance there to make,
When lo! the gate is shut.
Knocking I crave admittance, but no answer
comes.
Loud clang I at the knocker, till the warder waits
beside the postern.
“Entrance” I cry. “I fain would enter in.”
“I have no power to swing these gates,” he
calm replies.
“He who would entrance make must hither bear
a key the lock to turn.
But lacking this, the gate stands motionless.”

Lo! such a key I had not.
Sorrowfully then I turned me from the gate
With quiet pace, and lowly-bended head.

LONGING

A white ship sails for a distant port;
Gay wavelets attend her with laughter and
sport;
The winds are her pilot, the sky her guide;
As she proudly floats out on a full, flood tide.
 Oh! had I the wings to follow.

A white gull wings to her home by the sea;
To the cleft in the rock where her nestlings be;
Safe sheltered from harm on the stern rock's face
 While the sea churns deep at its granite base.
 Oh! had I the wings to follow.

A white cloud floats through the azure sky,
And I watch its course with a wistful eye;
It sinks in the west when the day is done,
 In the flaming trail of the setting sun.
 Oh! had I the wings to follow.

A white soul soars in the falling night
From deepening gloom to regions of light;
From earth's dusty highways to streets of gold,
 Where wide-opening arms do earth's loved ones
 fold.
 Oh! had I the wings to follow.

BYE-LO

Swaying, swaying, swaying; the bough on the
leafy tree;
Soft winds gently caressing the home where the
nestlings be.

Rocking, rocking, rocking; the cradle, so soft, so
low;
Dear mother-voice crooning sweetly, Bye-lo, Bye-
lo, Bye-lo.

Tossing, tossing, tossing; sea billows cold and gray;
And the little stars blink as the ships glide on
and show them their homeward way.

Whirling, whirling, whirling; the old world in in-
finite space;
Bending over and watching, smileth the dear
God's face.

I HAVE FOUND

I have found a deeper blueness in the blueness of
the sky,

I have found a purer whiteness in the clouds as
they float by;

I have found a softer beauty in the swallow's rosy
breast,

And a freshness past the telling in the rolling
billow's crest.

I have found a child's pure pleasure in lush
meadow, field and wood;

In the cowslip and the violet and in the yellow
hood

Of the fairy lady's-slipper; and in all things sane
and sweet

That upon a morn of springtime wakened eyes
are sure to meet.

Every breeze is softly wooing; every tree is passing
fair;

Every pebble in the streamlet wears a beauty
quaint and rare;

All the bobolinks are maying, with a roistering
roundelay

Since I've formed a league of friendship with
the things of every day.

CHILD LORE

Come little one, out on the moon-lit bay
And I'll show you the water-babies at play.
Hush! never a word; for they're filled with fear
When they know that a mortal is coming near.

See that billow that leaps from the ocean's breast?
They are riding astride on its foamy crest.
Hear their elfin glee as they slide, slide, slide,
Pitching headlong down in the swelling tide.

Look! "one, two, three," with a weirdish scream,
How they climb, climb, climb on that taut moon-
beam.
Then down they shoot through the moon-kissed
air
With clapping of hands and with streaming hair.

Mark that soft, white light, like a path through
the sea,
Clear, even and straight as a line should be?
'Tis the water-babies standing in line,
Drying gossamer robes in the pale moon-shine.

See the ripples beyond the ray of light,
Where the shadows melt into pearl and white?
'Tis the dancing floor where they nightly meet.
Can't you hear the fall of their fairy feet?

See then swarm up the side of the anchored ship
With softest of tread and with fingered lip.
See them run up the cordage and shake the sails
With a leap-frog-leap on the shining rails.

See them listen and pause,—then plunge pell-mell,
At the warning note of the morning bell.
Then the mermaid mothers tuck them up well
And rock them to sleep in a pink conch shell.

LET'S STAY AT HOME

Let's stay at home!
Abroad the world is restless and unloving,
There's jealousy and all uncharity;
There's peace at home and homely quiet living
And faults are judged with patient clarity.

Let's stay at home!
Abroad there's wealth and caste and scorn of
striving;
And every day men sell their souls for gold;
Within are riches of love's eager service
And sympathy which knows no growing old.

Let's stay at home!
Without youth's all, age naught, and merit's
weighed in silver.
Then why this rivalry which stings and sears?
Thy name may find no place in fame's enrol-
ment,
But calm thy bark shall sail adown the years.
Let's stay at home!

THE OLD MAN SPEAKS

Would I like to live over my eighty long years,
Fare once more each step of the way,
With life's pleasures and pains, its smiles and its
tears

As they happened from day to day?

Ah no; for there's many a thing to regret
Many kind words left unsaid,
And I'd give the world if I could forget
The tears that my mother shed.

But I would I might lead my child soul
By paths that I never trod,
Might turn his eyes from a worthless goal
And make him a man of God.

ALONE

Full many a thing there is that I can bear
And yet not murmur.
Yea, I can be very strong to meet defeat
In the world's fight
In strife with right and wrong, and see wrong
triumph.
I can bear sickness, loss of friends, and the
world's pelf;
And yet stand firm, and glory in the self
Which God has given, to help me live and not
be broken.

But one thing, Lord, I never can endure,
To see the ones I love,
Those who have been the warmth of my chill
heart,
Those whom I fain would shield from every smart;
Dear God, how can I bear that they should pass
Out through the Gates of Death, into the great
unknown,
And go alone!

THE FERRYMAN

The long day was closing in shadows;
I had traveled a weary way
Over hill, over dale, through swamp and through
brake,
From dawn until faltering day.

Now a darksome stream lay athwart my path,
Wide and turbid, misty and dank;
I pierced through the darkness with straining eyes:
No sight of the farther bank.

“Ho! ferryman,” loudly I called
Through the gloom of the deepening night.
“Lost, lost, I am lost on the shore.”
Huge shadows had swallowed the light.

Screaming birds circled close in above me;
Cold mists made me shiver. The cry
Of some wild thing crouched near me and
moving
I heard, but I could not descry.

Then out from the settling night-wings
Came faintly the sound of an oar;
Then I knew that my cry had been answered
And that one had pushed out from the shore.

Now I wait with a calm reassurance,
By the river I patiently wait
'Til the ferryman come to bear me across,
And I reck not if early or late.

THE TOILER

Who then are we to cavil and cry shame?
This clay which we call common is a work
Yet on the wheel of the artificer.
And has not each and every creature sprung
From out the selfsame earth that molded him?
And is our plastic state so far behind
That we can slight the hand that fashioned us?
These arms, these muscles and the power to toil
For wife and little ones and daily bread
Are products fine of countless ages past.
Creative thought was mindful of this form
When earth, and suns and human brain were not.
In His good time this man of toil
Shall be transformed, inspired.
A light shall pierce his brain, and he shall know
And claim his heritage,
And be no more a clod
But stand approved among the sons of men
A fitting vessel to the Master's praise.

MY TREASURE

I may not tell how it came to me,
My gem of the wonderful name,
But oh! it was passing dear to me
And I loved its elusive flame.

Each morn and even I drew it forth
From its little casket of gold,
And though by the world I poor was named,
I was richer than Midas of old.

Then a longing deep did my soul possess
My wonderful treasure to share
With some kindred soul which I needs must
seek,
Of perceptions and instincts rare.

Long years I watched and waited,
Then an impulse did o'er me steal
To lay my gem in the hand of a friend
And—he crushed it to dust with his heel.

THE CITY OF REFUGE

I have a City of Refuge,
Where quiet, and happiness reign.
When my foes rise and fain would o'erwhelm me
I seek it again and again.

I am safe 'neath its wide-opened portals;
I fear not the harrying tribe:
For the walls are high, and the moat is wide
And the warder can no man bribe.

Throughout my City of Refuge
The sinuous Lethe flows,
And the mellow sun through shimmering green
Dappled lights on its surface throws.

The lotus blossoms along its banks;
Sweet to taste, of a priceless scent.
I eat, and am young, and the world is fair,
And my heart it is well content.

I walk hand in hand with my youthful loves:
My heights, they are yet to gain.
Here my soul is clean; here no friend is false,
And I know not the meaning of pain.

Oh! gracious City of Refuge,
How I love the cool walks by thy streams.
The path to my City that beckoning stands?
It lies through the Valley of Dreams.

APPREHENSION

A drenching, blinding, choking fog,
A fog driving in from the sea,
Enshrouding with cerements of palpable gloom
The boat that I yearned to see.

But she sailed out into the drifting gray,
Into silence, deep as the night;
While the awful stillness, the hush of the wave,
Filled my heart with foreboding and fright.

On a sudden, the sun shot out from its cloud,
The mist melted softly away,
And behold my bark steering well out to sea,
Riding safe, in a clear, blue day.

THE BIRCH

The white birch sways in the green wildwood;
Gracefully, dreamily sways;
Serene in the beauty of maidenhood,
Through the glorious nights and days.

A comrade is she of the whispering pines;
(Very soft can their whisperings be)
But their prayers and their sighs leave her very
cold.
Oh, pines, she is not for thee.

A dryad is she, to tempt and scorn;
Far fairer than mortals dare be;
She broods as she sways from morn 'til night
On her lover that is to be.

Ah! the cool, moist kiss of the falling rain.
She is startled, then very still;
But the sweet mouth is lifted to kiss again,
And the strong one has his will.

THE RAIN

The southwind drives in from a stormy sea;
With a deluge of chilling rain;
Shutting me out from the sky and sun;
From work and from play ere the day is done:
From ocean and shore, from wood and glen,
From the busy mart and the world of men:
On comes the rain with an angry rout,
From the dear earth shutting me out.

Down rolls the rain on the window pane,
Down drops the dark from the sky
Shutting me in to warmth and light;
To thoughts that the glare of the sun would blight:
To my own four walls, to books and pen;
To the deeds of the great and the minds of men:
And I bless the rain, with its noisy din,
To my dream life shutting me in.

MARIA THERESA

“Nay, permit me not to sleep, I would be waking
Knowing my Lord may even now be at the door.
Shall I, Maria Theresa, Austria’s Queen,
Who in most regal robes, with crown upon my brow
Have given audience to earth’s petty potentates,
When high God deigns to send to me his messenger
Shall I not welcome him? No, take away the
draught;
My Heavenly Guest shall find me waking, watch-
ing.
There, lend me your right arm, I fain would see
the stars.”

OUTSIDE

A little man-child wends to God,
Unlearned in sin.
Full tall and white the gateway opes
To let him in.

“Oh, keeper of the golden keys
And do you know,
I have a Mother, dear and loved
Who weeps below?”

“Thy Mother weeps, thou little soul?
Her cheeks are thin?
She knowing well the way to God
Walked not therein.”

“Dear guardian of the wishful gates,
I may not play
Amid the flowers of Paradise
E'en one glad day.

“I'll pray beside the Heavenly wall
(Outside you see)
Until the Gates ope very wide,
For her and me.”

Then sorrowing ground the gateway's hinge,
Oh, very slow.
“Dear man-child, since it so must be,
Let it be so.”

ANCHORAGE

There's a wild work abroad, on an angry sea:
There's never a moon nor a star;
Stout ships strain at mercy of wind and wave:
But there's anchorage over the bar.

There are broken rudders and shattering masts;
Snapping cordage and splintering spar;
There are ships that are driving to death on the
reefs;
But there's anchorage over the bar.

Oh! fearless vessels: Oh! gallant crew:
Oh! frail barks that wander far;
May you weather the storms and come safely
home,
For there's anchorage over the bar.

Oh! the sheltering bar; Oh! rest after toil;
Land ahead where the loved ones are:
Let the hungry sea roar aloud for its prey;
There's anchorage over the bar.

THE CANYON

Clashing, barbaric, ineffable harmony,
Down reaches the canyon to dizzying deeps;
Crash of a waterfall, leaping and pausing,
Then leaping to death, as a wounded hart leaps.

Two gray-haired travelers, lovers of Nature,
Lover of mountain heights, , lover of birds,
Eyes scarce believing, dumb with the splendor;
Never the place for a babel of words.

Startling the hush: "God Almighty, what power,"
Breaks from the lips of the wondering twain,
And the wind, like a leaf, lifts the sound in its
passage
And the deep-throated canyon sends back the
refrain:
"God Almighty, what power."

CHOSEN

A man singled out from the masses,
Of quick tongue and ready pen;
A writer of quiet and gentle verse,
With quaint tales of now and then.

A lover of rivers and mountains,
Of trees, of grass and of sod;
A lover of God in Nature
And a lover of Nature's God.

Ah! truly here is a helper
If ever a man's in need;
Ah! surely here can faith be staked
On the worth of a good man's creed.

“As ye have received:” With such largess
The heart will be open wide;
No matter how large the petition,
It never will be denied.

* * * * *

How small the request, how simple;
Just a word, and 'twas needed sore:
But the press of “God's Work” was “heavy,”
And the good man closed his door.

THE HEART OF THE ONE I LOVE

Oh, the way may be gloomy, dark and drear,
And the path so hidden I cannot see;
But there's always a steady, clear, light for me
In the heart of the one I love.

Life's worry and fret and its heavy load
May send me to sleep with my prayers unsaid;
But there's always a pillow to rest my head
In the heart of the one I love.

Old friends may forsake me, and foes increase,
My soul go astray on lonely trails,
But there's always a love that never fails
In the heart of the one I love.

The winter may come with its chilling breath,
And settle and brood over meadow and lea,
But there's always an ingle-nook for me
In the heart of the one I love.

When woeful doubts beset my path,
When I fret and chafe beneath the rod,
There's always a faith that looks to God
In the heart of the one I love.

AMBITION

My soul was like a river, calm and wide,
Washing low banks a-fringe with purple fleurs-
de-lis:
Slipping by groves where elm boughs droop
Kissing the cool stream, and bluebirds come to
sip and fly away;
Steadily, carelessly, drifting on down to its home—
the sea.

My soul is like the never quiet ocean
Heaving its breast 'mid worlds of loneliness,
Dashing itself upon cold rocks, and
Falling back, with life renewed,
To batter once again and yet again the stern cliff's
face.

'Tis you have done this thing to my erst-while
so quiet soul:
And yet for all the turmoil and the strife
I never more would like the river be.

TO MY MIRROR

You have told me that my wavy hair
Was like a forest glade,
Where the sun, through needled pine boughs,
Drips alternate light and shade.

You have said my eyes were clear and deep
As lonely mountain pool,
Where the spent, dust-laden traveler
His parchèd lips may cool.

You have told me that my lips were red
Like poppy fields of France,
Whose blossoms sway as the winds pass by
To the wheat-ears' rythmic dance.

But now, Oh! cruel mirror,
When I need your praises more
Than ever in long forty years
I've needed them before,

You tell me things I loathe to hear:
“True?” That's the worst of it.
But if you were I and I were you
I'd lie a little bit.

CLOUDS

I had a cloud in my sky,
'Twas as large as a large man's hand;
Yet it cast a black shadow across my path
Till I hadn't a place to stand.

All hope, all endeavor,
Were tinged by the cloud in my sky;
No friend was left free from its influence;
And the springs of my life all went dry.

I had a cloud in my sky,
'Twas menacing, sinister, gray;
But I managed to smile one wan little smile
And the cloud drifted calmly away.

DID YOU EVER THINK

Did you ever think that your life's best gift
To the world is your brave "good morning?"
It holds the cool strength of the woods and hills,
And scorners forget their scorning.

Did you ever think that your life's best gift
Is your smile when the world goes wrong?
It turns our impatience to gentleness
And a harsh word into a song.

Did you ever think that your life's best gift
To the world is just being you?
Just proving that life is worth living
And that gray is a foil for blue.

MY TEMPLE

Its wide, ever-open portals invite to praise and
prayer.

I enter, while tall aspens sound Te Deums high
in air.

The priestess of my temple is the Spirit of the
Spring,

And the incense that arises breathes from every
living thing.

The violet, the anemone and the purple orchis
rare,

All worship in my temple clad in robes surpassing
fair.

The hymns of praise are chanted by a choir of the
birds,

And deep peace descends upon me from their
sweet songs without words.

As I take my seat in silence I lift a wondering eye
And discern the marvelous frescoes wrought by
pine-trees on the sky.

And adown the wooded vista my glance strays
to and fro

And I find the Gothic model of the age of long ago.

The silver murmuring streamlet speaks a sermon
to my heart

By its purity and sweetness and its fresh, life-
giving art.

But list! the woods are silent; the birds are hushed
and still;
No sound comes from the tree-tops; there's no
ripple from the rill;

The blossoms stand with bended heads; all breath-
less is the air;
For earth, and sky, and flower, and tree, are
motionless in prayer.

Then the wind breathes benediction, and while
wide the portal stands,
I wend forth into the sunlight from my fane “not
built with hands.”

PAIN

Midway between the hilltop and the vale
(My steps were toward the sunset and the West)
A shadow close upon my footsteps pressed.
Bound was I, hand and foot, and spent and pale
Was laid pain-racked upon a loathèd bed;
Stretched helpless; shut from sight of the dear
earth,
From God's fresh air, from laughter and from
mirth.
I loved not life; I prayed I might be dead.
"Friend pain," men say, her offices they crave.
She is no friend of mine: I name her Foe.
Welcome her blight when one might rise and go,
Climb the high hills and view the blessed stars
Or day-break with his mystic, golden bars?
No! 'gainst an enemy I draw my glaive.

LONELINESS

No land, only sea, East, West, North and South,
Green billows with mountainous crest,
Black shadows let down from a lowering sky—
A bird with a fluttering breast.

A beetling crag, rising stark from the vale,
Faint streaks of the coming morn—
Midway to the top of that cold, gray cliff
A bleating lamb caught in the thorn.

A world whirling round in infinitude
Stern Law with its rule and its rod,
Love that soothes, hate that sears, day and night,
life and death:—
A man's soul estranged from its God.

THE UNDER SEA

You poets may sing of the roadsteads;
Of the billows and dashing spray;
Of the glittering, silver moonlight
Or the glare of the God of Day

On the chafing and restless ocean;
Of tides moved by stern Law's decree;
I'll sing of the purple shadow
In the deeps of the under sea.

Of reefs and caverns of coral
Dreamlike of form and of hue
Of diaphanous swaying seaweeds
That never have seen the blue.

Of sinuous, rainbow fishes;
Of life,—a mere tenuous breath;
Of Nature's wonderful secrets,
Worked out in a silence like death.

I sing of the wealth and the treasure
That went down in the swirl and the hiss;
Rare fabrics from far-famed Syrian looms
Past the dreams of avarice.

And then, the bones of the sailors;
No rites of interment had they;
They wait in a soundless silence
For the trump of the Judgment Day.

You poets may sing of the tumult,
Of the rush, and the roar, but for me,
I'll sing of the calm where there's nought to harm,
In the deeps of the under sea.

THE CALL TO ITALY

Oh, the magic land, the south-land, is calling me,
By its gardens steeped in roses; by its mystic
sea;

By the passion of its music on the rocking bay;
By its villas, fruit-embowered, where the foun-
tains play.

By its ermine-mantled summits, seen through
rosy veils,
Soft dropped and hung by twilight gods in
sleepy dales;
By its chalets on the uplands where the yodler
sings,
Hherding lazy cows to water at perennial springs.

By the wonder of its ruins, once a Caesar's pride;
By its poets and its painters (these have never
died);
By its churches, sculptures, palaces, its history
rife
With civic feuds, religion's wars and party strife.

Oh, the mellow land, the south-land, I hear its
call,
And I fain would heed the summons: yet, I'd
give it all
For a quiet nook on breezy bluff, the sea in view,
Blue swallows circling close above, clear skies,
and—You.

SPRING

Oh! the warm, rich blood of the springtime;
How it pulses through myriad veins;
Through tree, shrub and grass: with riotous wealth
Studding star-like a thousand plains.

How it bourgeons with white the hawthorne;
Flushes bride-pink the young apple trees;
Stores nectar in millions of clover
As a lure for the summering bees.

How it softly lifts ferns, brakes and rushes
How it purples the meadows; and lays
Great splotches of rarest of pigment
To the tune of the pipes that Pan plays.

Oh! the wonder of earth's resurrection;
Fair thought of creative mind;
Oh! man, with thy getting and spending,
Why art thou to God's work so blind?

THE GROSBEAK

Oh! happy day: Oh! gladsome morning.
A day of praise to God for Nature's resurrection.
Starred were the low, lush meadows, with tender,
 newly-wakened eyes;
Streamlets sang sweet content 'neath shade of
 white, bloom-laden bough.
Soft were the winds, and soft the springy moss for
 resting tired feet.

Oh! incarnation of the very heart of spring:
On leafy bough, to fragrant winds a-swaying,
In rapture at his own fine melody,
A grosbeak in the sun, all scarlet-throated,
Laden with prophecies of dewy twilights, and cool
 rose-scented morns.

Oh! would that I, too, could in this spring's glad
 morning,
So tune my heart and voice;
Be so at one with Nature and with God;
Be e'en so fair a thing in Nature's harmony
As thou, thou joy of springtime.

VAUDEVILLE SONGS

Love

There's a butterfly a-lighting on your hair, dear;
A filmy butterfly, a yellow butterfly.
You are my butterfly, my fairy butterfly,
And I'll follow you until we two shall die;
Here and there beneath the vault of the blue sky;
Oh! you needn't think you ever can escape me,
For I've a net to catch you if you try.
So you'll surely have to stay
Since you cannot get away,
For this net, we call it Love.

There's a little lizard resting by your foot, dear;
A small chameleon, a bright chameleon.
You are my chameleon, my gay chameleon.
And I watch you as you sport beneath the sun,
Oh! you changeful bit of laughter and of fun!
There's no spot in all the world that could conceal you
For I've your image graven on my eye.
So you must not run away
I've a lure to make you stay,
And this lure, we call it Love.

There's a bumblebee a-buzzing round your ear,
dear,
A noisy bumblebee, a testy bumblebee.
You are my bumblebee, my teasing bumblebee.
And you think to hide your pretty thoughts from
me.
But I'm sure you love me, sure as sure can be.
Don't you dare to think that I will ever lose you.

Now just you give your little heart to me.
No, you cannot get away.
There's a law to make you stay,
'Tis the great law we call Love.

VAUDEVILLE SONGS

When the Daisies Bloom

All the fields are gold and white with nodding
daisies

And the skies are glittering blue:

All the air is filled with rosy-breasted swallows
As I walk and laugh with you.

And I pick for you a bunch of waving blossoms,
And I lay them in your arm;

But your cheek and hair are fairer than the
flowers;

In your breath is spring-time balm.

All the children they are playing in the meadows,
A-weaving daisy chains,

And their voices bubble sweetly like the bobolink
Adown the shady lanes.

And I fain would weave a strong and golden
chaplet

To link your heart to mine,

I'd draw it close and then I'd draw it closer

'Til my heart was lost in thine.

Oh! the springtime,
The wondrous springtime,
Oh! the springtime of the year.

My heart is beating,

My pulses heating,

In this love time of the year.

Now the daisies all have hid their pretty faces
Down underneath the snow.

And I walk alone across the frozen meadow;

But the daisies never know.

In the springtime they will smile again to greet us
Through sunshine born anew;
But the girl who walked with me that morn in
May-time
Sleeps forever, swathed in rue.

Oh! the snow time,
The biting frost time,
Oh! the drear time of the year;
My pulses weary,
My heart a-dreary,
In this dead time of the year.

VAUDEVILLE SONGS

My Conductor Man

He has just the bluest eyes you ever saw
This handsome man of mine.
Oh! his chin and mouth have really not a flaw
This dearest man of mine
He has such a mass of light and wavy hair
And his cheeks are very fair.
He's a conductor; he's my conductor:
He's conductor-man on trolley 39.

Oh! he rides by on his trolley every day,
This winsome man of mine,
And he looks up at the window where I stay,
This broad, tall man of mine.
And he shyly throws to me a little kiss,
And my heart gets full of bliss
For my conductor; my dear conductor:
He's conductor-man on trolley 39.

He has asked me if I'm going to be his wife,
This teasing man of mine.
And I couldn't say him "No" upon my life
This sweetheart man of mine.
If you knew him I am sure that you would try
To tempt him on the sly;
So I'll tell you only this: he's a conductor:
He's conductor-man on trolley 39.

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